Milford, Ind.

Rev. R. F. Mallott returned from his evangelical tour in the West last week, and, according to appointment, occupied the pulpit at Grace church on New Years night and the Sunday following.

His subject, on Saturday evening, was organization and its beneficial results, morally as well as politically. On Sunday he continued the same subject, using as his motto the word "Watch." He divided his subject as follows: watch your words, acts, thoughts, conscience, heart thus forming an acrostic from which he drew and painted in glowing colors the binding obligations that rest upon the individual members of all Christian organizations, as well as their duty; to so guard their every act and thought that their daily walk and conversation would redound to the glory of God and the building up and strengthening of his cause here on earth. He drew before his hearers a picture of the evil influences, as well as the besetting sin that not only mar the harmony but corrode and destroy the moral influence of any Christian organizatian. He showed how necessary it was, that, as brethren, they be blameless and harmless as the son of God, without rebuke in the midst of a crooked and perverse people, among whom they shine as lights in the world; that the conduct of those on whom so many eyes are fixed must insensible have very considerable influence. It is justly required that they should live up to the high profession they assume, so that their defects and ill conduct will disappoint the expectations they have excited and eventually bring discredit upon their church.

With pathetic feeling he admonished them that as light is not held forth merely to manifest itself but to show some other useful thing which, without it might have remained in obscurity, so their conspicuous worth will not only show the brightness of their own characters, but lend a lustre to their society, whereby it may be better understood and its blessings more advantageously displayed and to preserve unaltered the primitive simplicity and pure morality as taught by the early Christian Church.

In his closing exhortation he appealed to his hearers to be actively and eminently good; that their example and conduct in life prove a high recommendation and a fair illustration of their Christian principle, and reflect the brightest honor upon their characters and professions; that the church, with all its parts that was but a few days ago consecrated, be beautiful as the sun in its brightness, cheering and enlivening and its kindliest influences clear, and as glorious as its noontide beams. Long, bright and prosperous be the fair and hopeful day which now shines upon you.

H.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

Little Children's Hymn.

Only little pilgrims
Traveling on our way,
But we tarry with you
On this holy day.

Only little voices,
But we come to sing
Sweetest notes of praises
To our Lord and King.

Only little hearts, too,
But our prayer the same;
For we say, "Our Father,
Hallow'd be Thy name."

Only little offerings,
But with love made sweet,
And we gently lay them
At the Saviour's feet.

Only little burdens
Have we yet to bear,
But our loving Jesus
Knows our every care.

Only little angels,
But so fair and bright,
Wait to give us welcome,
Clad in robes of white.

And a little gold crown
Jesus has in store,
For His little pilgrims,
When their journey's o'er.

—*Pres. Mess.*

DEAR EDITOR:—It is my first attempt to write for the paper. My papa takes the paper, and I like to read it very much. I attend Sabbath school every Sabbath. My papa leads the singing in the Sabbath school and also in church. Mr. Bashor is our minister. My papa, brother and two oldest sisters belong to the Brethren church. I have one little brother dead. I have three sisters and two brothers living. My little sister and I go to school. I have six studies. I take music lessons every Tuesday, so that with my other studies, keep me busy. I am 12 years old. Well I must close for this time, so as not to worry your patience. If I see this in print I may write again.

GERTIE HILDEBRAND.

Hudson, Iowa.

DEAR EDITOR:—I will now try and write another letter to your interesting paper. I had a very pleasant time Christmas and New Years. I attended Christmas exercises at the Progressive church, and had a pleasant time there. There were about forty spoke and sung, and after that was over the children received their treats of candy, peanuts, pop-corn, oranges and a Christmas card. I spent New Years with my aunt who was sick. I will now answer M. Lue Massena's question. The 19th chapter of the 2d of Kings, and 37th chapter of Isaiah are both alike. I will close, hoping to hear from some of the readers near this place.

MOLLIE COGAN.

North Manchester, Ind.

DEAR EDITOR:—I thought I would write a few lines for the Children's column. We had a nice time Christmas. The Sunday school scholars spoke and sang. We had the house decorated with evergreen, and a large star in the center of the room, to represent the star of the morning when Christ was born. The house was full of spectators, and the children got their treats and went home rejoicing. I went home on Sunday after Christmas and stayed all week, and had a nice time. My home is in the country, 15 miles from North Manchester. I am staying with my uncle in town, going to school, and like it very much. We had a week's vacation over Christmas. Now I will close, hoping to hear from our friends in Indiana.

MINNIE MARTIN.

North Manchester, Ind.

DEAR EDITOR:—I thought I would write a few lines for the Children's column. Pa takes the Brethren paper and I like to read the children's letters. I go to school, and my teacher's name is Miss West. My studies are Reading, Arithmetic, Geography, Spelling and Writing. I am 11 years old. Pa and ma belong to the Brethren church. We live 7 miles from the Grove church. J. D. Gans is our preacher. Our Sunday school classed last Sunday. We had a very nice New Years treat,—got lots of cakes, apples and canny. I have three brothers and three sisters. I may write again, if this don't find its way to the waste basket.

ANNIE MARTIN.

Smithfield, Pa.

DEAR EDITOR:—I thought I would write again for the EVANGELIST, as I have not written for a long time. I enjoyed Christmas and New Years very much, and so another year is past. We expect Mr. Smouse to preach for us Saturday evening and over Sunday. He is from Pa., but is going west. I go to school and my studies are Reading, Spelling, Arithmetic, Grammar and Geography. My teacher's name is Wm. Sluss, and I like him. I go to the Brethren Sunday school and church, and my teacher is Sarah Keim, Bertha Hang plays the organ, and plays very good. I hope to see this in print. I will close for this time by asking a question, Where was Moses buried? Please answer my question. I will enclose 5cts. for the mission fund.

Good-bye, Editor,

ELLA B. HOOVER.

Louisville, O.

DEAR EDITOR:—I thought I would try and write a few lines to let you know that I am going to school every day. My teacher's name is Frank Atkins. There are 22 that come to our school. I have an organ, and am taking lessons. My playmate and I, at school, go skating, and we fall down, but we have fun. My papa and mamma belong to the Brethren church. The society will be at our house next week, on Thursday. It is for everybody. I have no brothers or sisters. Well, I will close by asking a question, how many times is girl mentioned in the Bible?

ARTIE VIOLEY BARONE.

DEAR EDITOR:—This is my first attempt to write for the paper. I like to read the children's column. I am nine years old. I go to school every day that I can. My teacher's name is Mr. Iden. I study Arithmetic, Third Reader, Spelling and Writing. Our Sunday school has closed until next Spring. I got eight big cards and a nice Sunday school book. I will now close.

EFFIE ARMSTRONG.

Atwood, Ind.

DEAR EDITOR:—I have seen so many letters in the paper from little girls living in different parts of the country, so I will venture to write one too, and tell how happy I have been since Christmas, because I was so kindly remembered. From papa and mamma I received a pretty new dress and book, from Aunt Nettie the cutest little writing desk, and from Mr. Harvey a beautiful large doll. Sister Bessie got a lovely doll carriage and tin-kitchen. Aunt Nettie is from New York, and Mr. Harvey is from Washington City, both are with us now. Papa and mamma belong to the Brethren church. We have meeting every two weeks. Rev. Mason is our preacher. We like the paper very much. I go to school in Winchester. My teacher in the Fall was Miss Russie De Neere, since I advanced into room No. 2, it is Miss Etter. I like them both very much. I would like to see another letter from Essie Mallott. Her papa used to talk to Bessie and I about her, when he visited us, during the meetings in the winter and spring. I will send ten cents to the Home Mission Fund.

NETTA ENGLAR.

Gratis, O.

MARRIED.

MILLER-FISHER—At Waterloo, Iowa, January 3rd; by S. H. Bashor, Mr. Franklin Miller and Miss Alice Fisher, both of Black Hawk county. S. H. BASHOR.

OUR DEAD.

LATSHAW.—Sister Emma, wife of brother Michael Latshaw, departed this life Dec. 23rd, 1886, aged 29 years, 2 mo., and 16 days. She joined the Brethren church in August 1886, and has since been a consistent member. Sister Emma leaves a husband, two sons and many friends to mourn her loss, which we hope will be her eternal gain.

While upon her death bed she begged her husband, children and friends to live faithful while on earth, and at last meet her in heaven, and bidding all good-bye, she sang:

"Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on his gentle breast,
There by his love o'er-shadowed
Sweetly my soul shall rest."

Again "good bye dear," she closed her eyes and peacefully crossed the dark valley and shadow of death. Funeral services were conducted by Bro. Rittgers. Text, Job 14: 14.

LIZZIE SWIHART.

Rossville, Ind.

FOLKERTH—Eve M. Folkerth, at her new home in Los Angeles, California, January 4th, aged five years, two months and three days, twin daughter of Charles P. and Anna Folkerth, after an illness of six months she passed away calmly as a summers eve.

Yes, Eva we miss you so much in the Sabbath school, you was my bright little star, was all attention when I talked of Jesus and his great love for little children, would tell her parents during the week what she learned at Sabbath school. She could repeat part of the Psalm, The Lord is my Shepherd. We had a song we used to sing in the family. Eva and Iva, her twin sister, often sang it with me; it was this:

I think when I read the sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How he called little children as lambs to his fold,
I should like to been with him then.

She would never grow weary in singing that song. Now her sweet childish voice is hushed in death, no more will it gladden our hearts; she can sing a new song with the angels, such as was never sung on earth and now she is safely housed in heaven. We all, as a family, mourn for the loss of one we loved so deeply. the stroke was hard; but it seemed to say to us, prepare to meet thy God.

Son and daughter moved to that far off home, to a more genial climate, thinking that she might regain her health, but their hopes were never realized. She only lived in her new home two months and three days, until the Lord called her home. Her thoughts came back to Dayton and she said "mamma I wonder if poor grandma is sick yet." What can we say to the bereaved parents; they must think as King David did, we can go to our child, but it cannot come to us; may their thoughts ever be heavenward, knowing they have tender ties that are drawing them. O I wish I could be there to give them comforting words and console them in this, their hour of sorrow, but the great Comforter will come and overshadow them, whispering, Peace be still it is I the Lord. Yes, your little daughter is gone. She sleeps sweetly sleeps in the arms of Jesus. LIBBIE M. KIEHL.

Da yton, Ohio.

KRABILL—R. Thirl Krabill, infant son of Hiram and Sarah Krabill, was born Aug. 30th, 1886; died Dec 23rd, 1886, 3 months and 23 days. Funeral discourse by the writer, from Matt. 24: 44, "Be ye also ready" to a large concourse of relatives and sympathizing friends. A. M. RIDENOUR.